[Auto-Biographical Notes]

ONE COPY WITH THE WOODRUM COMMITTEE

[?]Patrick Quinlan Beliefs and Customs - Life History NYC 18

Auto-biographical Notes

I was born out of time and turn. Impatient with the seemingly slow processes of Nature I ran a sort of pre-Natal Race with the doctor, midwife and all concerned in the mysterious and complicated technique of birth, and arrived in this Vale of Tears two months ahead of schedule. Had I been a ship on the high seas, a train on the New Haven and Hartford Railroad, or a racehorse on the track I'd have been the subject of columns of publicity, and my record would be the subject of discussion and talk for generations, if not for ages. But being a biological incident I got no credit for my speed. Rather, on the contrary, I believe I was the subject of faulty criticism. I must admit that if anyone asked, and I am sure they did, “What's your hurry?” I paid no attention to the inquisitor and for the first and only time in my life declined to answer a question. 'Tisn't but I was noisy enough.

The place where I first saw light and other phenomena was in a farmhouse somewhere in Connecticut near Winstead. Perhaps the Gods in their irony punished me for my haste and defiance of Nature's laws as Winstead was then, and for a long time afterwards the joke town of the United States. Anything that was foolish in the extreme, absurd, abnormal, freakish or out of the ordinary was given a Winstead date line in the papers, and frequently front-paged. Sometimes it was a deer which chased the hunter into a barn and kept him a prisoner until rescued by other Nimrods; again it 2 would be a hen that crowed or cackled like a Banshee; or it would be calf born with two tails, or six legs, or two heads. A relative of my father's made the front pages with his donkey. It seems that he sold his donkey to a farmer some sixty miles East as the crow flies. Ten days after the sale Mister Donkey

showed up bright and early before anyone was up out of bed and right outside his stable he began a terrific hee haw which woke the town and set even the religious people, and like all New England communities it had its share of them, cursing for further orders. The Catholics having a greater sense of humor mixed their maledictions with jokes. Some said the donkey came back for the feeds of oats he was cheated out of, for Johnny Collins, the owner, had a queer reputation. He always delayed until the very last in paying his bills although he had plenty of money. Poor Johnny was crucified with all kinds of hints and digs. The donkey was a wise animal.

I was not allowed to enjoy Winstead or its farmlands long. In fact though I was present and right in the middle of everything, watching the neighbors come and go, listening to the comments on myself and on my older fellow-citizens, the never-ending gossip, true and false, mean and malicious, trifling and important, a part so to speak of New England culture and civilization but its least common denominator, a sort of screaming cypher, but on the right side of number one.

A lawsuit about some property, about its boundaries, rights and privileges in far-away Ireland obliged my folks to pull up stakes and leave Connecticut. As heirs to the estate they had visions of a life of ease and plenty for they had memories of past 3 glories castles, chieftains and baronial halls when their clan ruled in Ireland. They reckoned without the attorneys, barristers and counsellors; above all they had no idea of the law's delays and the easygoing bewigged judges. Surveyors wrangled, maps were confusing, and there appeals and counter-appeals. My folks decided that it was better to be skinning fleas for their fat then engaged in lawsuits about land, and that a bird in the hand was worth two in the bush. In other words a job in United States was more profitable than a lawsuit in Ireland. They surrendered their claims for transportation money back to Connecticut but I was left behind because of illness, and perhaps to watch the mirage of an estate that was Headache Hall to the people who had anything to do with it.

Seven or eight years in Ireland and I was on the move again. Tipperary and Limerick were the worst sectors of the agrarian war; then led by a mysterious Captain Moonlight and Davitt Michael the age long struggle for land, its ownership and its inevitable troubles, heartbreaks and worries with my relatives and friends right in the midst of it was raging and attracting international attention. An epidemic of fever caused by drinking bad water in our sector forced my relations to send me to England where climate and sanitation were more congenial for delicate young people. School days in John Bull's green and happy land and vacations in Ireland followed. Unlike Mr. Bull's other island one never heard of land wars or agrarian disputes in Great Britain. The landlords were nice to their tenants as they were correspondingly ugly to the same class of economic underlings in Ireland. As I drifted back and forth between the two islands I observed differences in 4 atmosphere, talk, politics and culture. I noticed in time other contrasts. Property and security left their marks in the speech and conversation of the English. Everything was “my” or “mine.” The personal side was always stressed. In Ireland “we” and “ours” were used in the homes of the people. The collective spirit from the clan days had survived at least in their speech and conversation. Unlike England old age was profoundly respected in Ireland; yes, almost to a tyranny. In Britain aged folks of the workers were sent to the poorhouses to live and wait for the wait for the last call.

While vacationing in Ireland word came from England that I was wanted immediately. I rushed across the channel to find that a government appointment meant that the family was making ready with preparations to sail for India. The prospect did not please anyone for it meant tearing up by the roots old social ties, interests and friendships. But they had no alternative for economics and parochial patriotism would not mix. They kindly offered to take me along with them but I positively refused to go. I had made up my mind that if I was driftwood I would endeavor to select my own stream along which to meander or drift. That meant a return to Ireland. I had no other choice.

In Tipperary, Limerick and Cork I found it was one thing to be there on holidays but an entirely different matter when compelled to live permanently among the people. Life was dull and drab, and there were no opportunities. After some months of rambling aimlessly around, with nothing in my pockets but my hands I decided to try my luck in England as a worker. The change of position was a 5 shock. The workers in most cases were a class to be avoided and in general were looked upon by the middle and upper classes as necessary evils. Worse still no one cared to hire a young fellow. The independence so much admired in middle-aged men was resented by all classes in a youth. Except when he was among his fellows the young man was to be seen but not heard.

All considered it to be their inalienable prerogative to make fun of the young man seeking work or actually working. As a young Irish boy I with fellows older than me was called “a Grecian”, that is what American used to term “Greenhorns” some years ago to their newly arrived immigrants. Wherever I went only hard laborious work at rather poor pay was offered. One had to pay one's footing before the gang of men would work with you. Since that custom does not obtain here I must explain that it meant that a fresh young man with no experience was obliged to buy three quarts of beer according to the number in the group before they's agree to work with him. If the youth refused they made it hard for him by giving him no cooperation. It was easier to buy the beer, and the bigger the treat the better they liked him. Of course he had to be able to do his bit. If he was not able to hold his end the gang would threaten “to Jack-up” or in some way the boss or gaffer would find it out. If the latter happened the youth got his “time”.

Like all youths I soon learned the ways of rough life and adopted myself accordingly. One phase of rough English life I could not stand. I was unable to stomach the lodging houses, the cheap boarding places and the dumps where the workers lived and dragged 6 out their lives. It was a god-send to secure living quarters with a primate family. And because of the difference in costs it was considered to be a positive luxury. It is true the latter had restrictions such as no late hours except on Saturday nights, and they almost

invariably wanted you to join their chapel or church, or at least attend with them. One gladly aquiesced in some or part of those annoyances of civilization in order to escape the assaults and raids of lice, fleas, bedbugs, vermin and the night life of the lodging houses. When roving from place to place one did not bother much for you stayed but a day or two, or at most a week in such places. Occasionally one met with a place which possessed city or model lodging houses. But even in them you had to double up with a strange man. And always had to put your shoes and pants under your pillow or you were likely to be without them in the morning, all depending on the lodgers and on their wants or honesty.

The first year of labor and wandering saw me doing grocery clerk work, driving a horse, in a coal mine both on surface and underground, in blast furnace and a steel mill. In many places you had to alternate a week by day and by night. They were all right for grown-ups but impossible for anyone wanting to go to night school or indeed to study at all. After a long siege of changes and disappointments I secured a job all days which left me time for night school and study.

A year of day work and night study nearly finished me. Besides that I grew impatient. There was too much red tape and I was growing tired of the sameness and the monotony of the grind. With two other men I went on tramp looking for out-door healthy 7 employment. As I could find no suitable work, except at farming which didn't pay much, I made for the coast. In the lodging houses I had heard former seamen talk of Alexandria, Singapore, Hong Kong and Sydney with other ports in between those outlying parts of the British Empire. My imagination had got fired and once I got thinking about them action came as a matter of course. That is the way with youth and, in a sense it is the way with true Irishman once he has cast off his family and social shackles. I tried London but as there were too many unemployed seamen of all nationalities there was no chance of signing on except on a pierhead jump.

Southampton was my next call but that place too small. It was not then the great port of call it is today. Plymouth-Davenport-twin Devonshire cities had too many seamen who took

their jobs seriously and held on to them when they got them. Barry, Newport and Cardiff were next on my list of sea-ports. Barry was more a place for coaling and the work there was done largely by machines. Newport was old steady but not a good place for signing on except through pierhead jumps. A country man advised me to try Cardiff again as there would be same ships in after long voyages and many of the seamen were bound to quit, either to go home or go on a drunk. There surely ought to be a chance of some kind there. I took his advice and went to Cardiff the great industrial capital of South Wales; where coal was king and oil then an unknown quantity from a fuel standpoint.

After a week of walking along the quays or piers, hanging out in sailors' lodging houses and visiting the pubs on Bute Road 8 I was almost on the point of giving up my quest for a ship when in appreciation for a stake a Scotch-Irishman took me to a boarding house where the landlord had the reputation of helping Irishmen to jobs. After a few jugs of beer the landlord was asked by “Scotty” to help me. Mr. Jack Kelly, for that was his name, looked me over. “Got any papers”? “No, never before at sea”, I truthfully answered in the negative. My innocence and green appearance impressed him. “Well,” he said, “you can get you a pier-head jump any day but those ships are no good. If they were men would sign on them.” He might be able to manage it as a clinker he added after a pause and in reply to Scotty's talk. I innocently asked, “What is a clinker?” and they one and all roared. “Bloody fine, eh, he doesn't know what's a clinker.” It was the beginning of my maritime education. A clinker was a coal passer and as I soon discovered the lowest of the low in the many strata of sea labor.

Mr. Kelly took me to the shipping office and after some delay got me signed on the Anglo-Australian, as a coalpasser, a cargo ship bound for the West coast, Capetown and Sydney and home to London. I was advised that if I did not like the ship to draw all I could of my wages at Valparaiso or some South American seaport. Then I was advised to try my luck with a ship sailing north to the states. It was good advise in the abstract but to carry it out was another matter. The agents got a wire to order the master or Captain to sail for London and take on a general cargo which was done. London docks were a mess

with labor troubles due to a mass action strike. We were delayed a week longer than we expected. Worse still few had money as the two 9 weeks pay advance given us was used up in buying dongarees and outfit besides compensation to the lodging house keepers which most of us had to pay. In fact it was compulsory with most as the seamen had owed the money or the greater part of it. A few beers in a nearby pub and a stroll around was all we had in the way of enjoyment. There was no chance of cadging a bob or a sixpence since mostly everyone in the waterfront of our class was busted flat.

Three weeks sail from London to Rio were to me a test of endurance and patience. During the time I believe I swallowed as much coal dust as food and listened to a hundred times more curses and baudyhouse language than I did of prayers. I was a bloody clinker and valet to the firemen. They took a delight in bawling me out with blasting, damning and bloody while down below in the stokehold and laughed at in the after quarters in the bunks. The third mate gave me an old book that he found in the slop chest and instead of giving me relief the book was the cause of more chewing the fat. I never got a chance to finish reading it as the older men would take it from me for just a minute which meant an hour. Later another man would take it for just a bit of time. The older men and especially those who were hardened seamen had a sort of common-law right to boss the younger fellows and there was nothing to do about it if you wanted to get along with them during the voyage.

We were only one day and a night at Rio for it did not take on much cargo though we unloaded several hundred tons of general merchandise.

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We next made for the Plate River and docked at Buenos Aires. As the Argentine city is almost an economic province of London we had several days there, which gave us a chance to see the sights. Most of the men paid a visit to the ” Irish Consul, ” a baudy house kept by an Englishman. I found many Irish settled in Buenos Aires , by but they

advised against leaving the ship as there was no work except at the estancios or ranches in the interior.

From the Plate River we sailed south around the Horn and up the West coast. The Chilian ports had no attraction for any of us for we were obliged to watch everything on the ship. The Indian and half-breed dockers had the reputation of stealing everything not nailed down. And there were no ships listed to sail to San Francisco. My plans were skrewey [screwey?] and I had to sail with the ship for Sydney. At the Australian port we spent three days unloading and taking on cargo. Still after the South American experience we were glad. There was beer and the people spoke English. Your true Britisher can sail for ever the high seas and visit every seaport in the globe but he never learns another language. Of course there were rows and ructions in the pubs and the seamen relieved his feelings by cursing the Bloody Swedes and Scandinavians. In fact he cursed all and sundry except the Britishers.

We sailed for London by way of the Red Sea and the Suez Canal. Going through the Red Sea was a torture as it was hell to get a draft. The heat was stifling. At Alexandra and Port Said we saw the Levantine in all his glory and misery and to 11 us seamen much of his villiany. To us it looked as everybody was a beggar or a thief. We coaled and sailed for London where we docked and got paid off. I left London cured of the sea for a time. I had found neither adventure nor romance in the voyage. It was great fun however to talk to others and to listen to old stagers of seamen speak of their voyages and their experiences. I swore that if I ever again went to sea it would be on deck and not in the stokehold.

A trip to Ireland for rest and information, if any, regarding my relatives in Connecticut followed a brief stay in London. The rest was glorious but the information was meagre. The letters were few and far between. As near as I can now recall they had to do with health, petty details of their lives and amusing accounts of an endless debate between my father and an uncle who lived with him. It seems that both fought through the Civil War, one on the Northern side of the struggle and the other on the Southern end of the discussion. My

father used to swear by Grant, Little Mac, Sheridan and the Federal leaders. He seems to have been on speaking terms and was frequently consulted by the big shots in all their plans, that is, judging by his talk. Of course my uncle Hugh not to be outdone had the Louisiana tigers, his regiment, licking everyone in sight. Stonewall Jackson, Lee and other famous Confederate generals were his heroes. Napoleon, Julius Ceaser, Alexander the Great and Brian Boru were small potatoes along side of Lee. “We learned that the Civil War was being fought over again by the fireside and in saloons. Yes, 12 they were working, had his own house, but not saving any money. To prove his statement he sent home a list of articles bought in some store and the bill of costs. Wow! how it staggered them. To be in America and to be without money was something the Irish of those days could not understand. Anyway it accomplished its purpose, the series of letters did, it killed all idea of anyone sailing to join them in the tobacco fields of the Nutmeg state. Emigration was discouraged.

Back in England. I got work in a South Wales steel mill in one of slummiest places this side of Port Said or Constantinople. They were the dreariest, drabbiest and dirtiest slums in Britain and as far as I could learn, in Europe. The mill districts were called the Merthyr Boroughs divided into three cities or town—Merthyr Tydfil, Pendarren and Dowlais. In a population of about 25 or 30 thousand there were approximately some six thousand Irish.

After a few months in Merthyr with others I organized an Irish political club, became its secretary and later its president. Later I was involved in the struggle of the Independent Labor Party. I became one of its street orators. We elected the celebrated Keir Hardie to parliament. I got into a fierce discussion with the local English Catholic priest and for a time I was both hero and villian, according to one's sympathy. It all arose over a letter I wrote to the local newspaper. The priest was a Tory and against Irish Home Rule. Although the Irish were Home Rulers allright they didn't like to see me involved in a dispute with the priest. I was too young they said and it was setting a bad example to the Protestants.

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I tried clerking since life was made a bit disagreeable for me in the steel plants. The money was low but the change was welcome. I came to realize the truth of the proverb that a change of labor was equal to a rest. It was to me a vacation. But my activities during the Boer War made my job untenable from the boss's standpoint. He was a liberal in politics but a business man first, and he was afraid he'd lose business if the pro-Boer agitator was kept on. More wanderlust and more of the seamy side of life with its slums, its lodging houses and tramping from one place to another.

The next big moment in my youthful life was to be sent as a delegate to an Irish National Convention in Dublin. There I saw and talked with the great Michael Davitt, the pompous John Redmond, the windy boring John Dillon, Billy Field, the land nationalizer and single taxer. Many others who were gods and angels and saints in the Irish Parliamentary Party. It is true I had seen and met with many of the Irish leaders in London and in the English provinces. I had attended a few provincial conventions and had seen T. P. O'Connor, J. F. X. O'Brien, the Redmonds and other in action. But in England the Irish politician was more stagey and more of an actor. They were dealing with different audiences and people more accustomed to the ways of industrial and democratic life.

In Ireland the political leaders played different roles. Far different from those played in England, or in Scotland. The middle classes were aiming to acquire the same power in local government that their fellows of the same economic strata had in England. The Catholic church through its hierarchy was aiming to 14 consolidate its power and translate the moral hold it had into political machinery and prestige. The amazing thing about it was that all this vast change, amounting to a political revolution, a pushing from power of the old landed aristocracy, was being done with the aid of the laboring and industrial masses under the pretence of national justice. The politicians in Ireland resorted to highsounding phrases and used when it suited their purpose revolutionary language. They never actually explained what they meant by Home Rule.

While secretary of a big demonstration I experienced the tricky ways and queer or nebulous methods of the upper tier politicians. Still with all their lack of clearness they made progress. One phase that amazed me was the contrast between the Irish and the English agricultural laborers. Strange as it sounds the Irish rural workers were better housed and had more independence and security than their English fellow-workers. The Agricultural Laborers Act wherein the state through local councils or guardians built thousands of substantial cottages in every county for the Irish farm laborers, never applied to England. The baronial magnate, the Church of England minister and the strong farmer had almost semi-feudal control in Britain. It was my first lesson, in a practical way, on the value of political action. The Irish, it was, that killed the English Cook Robin of lassez Faire and Manchesteriam. I must also admit that much of the fine humanitarean legislation passed for the benefit of the industrial workers of Great Britain would never have been law had it not been for the eighty-five Irish Nationalist members of the House of Commons.

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At the Dublin convention I made a strong pro-labor speech which was also tinged with anti-farmer criticism. Priests and farmers present yelled at me though some delegates said I should be given a hearing. That great international institution— the steamroller was put into practical operation against radicals and I was clotured. A Scotch delegate, John Ferguson, later got in a few good cracks for progress in a brilliant speech. I had the satisfaction of seeing Timothy M. Healy, afterwards England's first Governor of the Irish Free State, expelled from the Irish Parliamentary Party. But as the Catholic Church was behind Mr. Healy his expulsion did not seriously hamper him in his double-crossing and gadfly tactics.

I wrote some letters to the papers following the convention, made a trip to the South of Ireland, give a look around old places and old scenes, decided that I had no place in the Irish scheme of things and returned to England. The wanderlust had by that time scoured

a firm hold of me. I saw no way out of the social quagmire of England, and as Ireland was impossible for me, I decided to emigrate to Connecticut.

My relatives had grown old and many had joined the majority, among them my parents. Friends in Stamford, Norwalk and Winstead told me that my papers and letters got burned in some fire and that there was no way of writing to me in England. That shock was bad enough but worse was to follow. I had found that the Irish though having improved their economic status considerably were mentally as far as public and national questions stationery or static.

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Their views regarding Ireland were exactly the same as when they had left many years before. Life among them was most unpleasant. New books and new ideas were anathema. On religious questions we were as far apart as the poles. I discovered that the Irish were not the only people that had remained at a standstill as far as intellectual subjects were concerned. It was all most painfull and most embarrassing to me to observe it.

On the road again. At Boston I met with [Thorstein?] Veblen and was profoundly influenced by his lectures on economics and on the international Socialist movement. In his Harvard addresses Veblein some twelve or fourteen years before the World War predicted the smash up of the European Socialist movement. His lectures were never replied to by the Marxists in Socialist Party or the other group leaders.

Back in New York. I found the big city gave one freedom and privacy. Except cultural organizations I did not bother with Irish societies. Trade unions and Socialist branches got all my attention and indeed all my energy. I became one of the evangelists for the new day. Soap boxing, when not at night school or lectures, were the order of the day or night with me.

I became involved in several dock strikes. Later became a sort of handy man machinist. A strike in a machine shop where I worked finished me with that industry. Later I tried the printing trades. Work in basements played Old Harry with my health. Telephone construction work in New Jersey was my next job. As it was outdoor I soon picked up in health but as we were seldom in 17 any place a week I left it after nine or ten months. The Singer Manufacturing plant in Elizabethport, a forest of a place with machines, came next. The pay was good but the dust and noise were appalling. Six months of it and I was finished.

Teamstering was a relief for a time. It was easy work but the hours were ungodly long. I could never make my meetings except on Saturday night. While waiting for deliveries at piers I could read all had a mind to but night study was out of the question. I tried the docks again. Plenty of time for reading and study for we had to wait a day or two for a ship. Often things were different. There would be a rush and then we'd work day and night without stopping. It was a feast or a famine on the docks. Like life at sea I found the picturesqueness of longshore work and teamstering was on the surface. The men could swear and curse and scrap but a few months of it and one got positively sick of the work. The men were a healthy lot of fellows and lived a life largely of “come day go day, God send Sunday.”

They rarely talked anything but shop. For amusement, if they had a second suit of clothes, it was an occasional dance, a vaudeville show, or a trip to Celtic Park in Long Island City where Irish athletic giants performed. The way the men were abused by the bosses or foremen during the working hours on some of the piers one could imagine that chattel slavery obtained. Compared with the same work in Liverpool, Dublin or Glasgow the New York longshoreman was way behind. He usually did three times the work of the British docker. The Britisher was not roared at 18 nor sworn at as the New York docker was. Anyone resenting the damning and blasting was fired without cermony. In case of accident

there was no compensation for the poor victim. His fellow-workers had more charity: they took up a collection for the luckless dockworker who had been seriously injured.

Naturally a socialist was not a thing of beauty, nor a joy forever on the water front. Somehow a few survived. Campaign soapboxing gradually drew me away from heavy laborious work. Little by little I got into newspaper activity. I begin to write articles for the labor press and an occasional piece for socialist papers. Now and then I entered some debate in the daily papers on labor or Irish matters. Soapboxing at night or in the afternoon gave me splendid time for reading. I devoured books on social science, blue books from London and Dublin, economic tracts, pamphlets and heavy tomes with occasional works on history were my intellectual diet. When my associates in the socialist movement were trying to master Marx' Value, Price and Profit I had digested Capital and all the heavy works of the European writers. It made me formidable in debate though I rarely referred to them in my street or hall adresses, at least not by quotation beyond a phrase or two.

I was useful to the party committees because I could be profitably exploited in Irish and American districts. Correspondingly I was a problem to the old line party politicians who were horrified to see an Irishman identified with such “foreigners as them Socialists”. Wit, humor and many a reference to Irish history often saved me in 19 tough parts of the city where free speech meant to support the existing order, its devils and saints and all their villianies. I used to delight in rubbing it in to the Tammany district leaders and their methods. I enjoyed the fun, it was great.

When the Industrial Workers of the World was organized I threw myself into its agitation with all the enthusiasm of the zealot and the convert. That led to arrests in many parts of the country. The Lawrence and Paterson textile strikes gave me a nation wide fame or notoriety. There were cities in New Jersey and Pennsylvania where I wasn't wanted by the authorities. In Montana I experienced the rigors of Martial Law, got mobbed in one city, ran out of another and badly beaten up in a third. I experienced many times the lights and shadows and queer interpretations of the glorious constitution and free speech. Still

in Montana with the aid of the Socialists I helped to put woman's suffrage on the map. Later the women put prohibition over on the miners and ranchers. In a way it was a sweet revenge for boss brewers were most reactionary.

Some of the greatest joy in life, that is as far as I am personally concerned, even more than giving hell to grafters, plutes and politicians with whom I disagreed when on the soapbox, is running a paper all your own or under your and control. I had that rare privilege in New Jersey, in Montana and in Buffalo, New York. Getting out an entire weekly paper all by one's self may be hard work but if free to comment as one pleases the joy of battle compensates for the hard labor and exhausting drudgery. An editorial comment that got under the skin of some case-hardened 20 grafter, some coldblooded exploiter of child labor, or some hypocritical politician and which brought comebacks, reactions, favorable or unfavorable brought unhallowed joy to one's wearied soul. It was only when your own group or organization failed to support you that you felt like flying to a desert like the saint of old and leaving all the lost souls and all the cowardly citizens to perdition. Jobs in big dailies I never enjoyed.

I experienced both the jays and miseries of the editorial sanctum.

Having been arrested many times in connection with labor troubles I got to know something first hand about prisons and prisoners. And that is what led to a brief but successful role prison [performer?]. I helped to clear up one mess in New Jersey and was called on to advise prison reformers in other states. A book could be written on it. reformer?/

My two biggest and greatest experiences, ones that affected emotions and thinking fundamentally, were in Ireland and Russia. I was the first free American citizen in Soviet Russia following the October Revolution. And I took part in the Irish struggle both in the Black and Tan days and in the Civil War which followed the Treaty of Peace between the Irish led by Collins, Childers et al and the British led by David Lloyd George, Churchill,

Birkenhead etc. The terrible reactions and disappointments of both wrecked many. They soured and saddened me. Reaction may be beaten but to lick the economic and political tories is another story.

I have not however lost hope in spite of Fascism, Nazism and all kinds of political autocracy now rampart in Europe, 21 and strenuously advocated in this country by people who ought to know better. I believe in the ultimate triumph of the people everywhere.

I met with Lenin, Trotzky, Dyerishinski, Radeek [Radek?] , Stallin, Gorky and nearly all the leaders of the great Revolution. I was imprisoned in Moscow and later liberated and was one of the orators of the Oct.-Nov. celebration of the Bolshevik triumph. The paradox of cell and ballet was mine.

I met and worked with Griffith, Collins, Clarke, Boland, de Valera, Devoy and others in the Irish fight. Sad and humorous stories I could relate about Ireland and Russia and my experiences in those lands, and about my work here. It would take two or three books to tell all. At present I haven't the time nor the resources to attempt one book, and so here I leave off with the hope that I will experience one more battle before I answer the call for the Land of Youth and join my Pagan ancestors.

In the course of my long experience or career in the labor movement I met with and worked in one way or other all the big or celebrated characters and outstanding personalities. The ferst first man that comes to mind is Eugene Victor Debs, four times candidate for President of the United States on the Socialist Party ticket. He was also the leader of one of the great historic strikes—that of the American Railroad Union—in the Middle and far West. He was all and more that is was said and written about him. There were William D. Haywood, Charles H. Moyer, Pat O'Neill, John O'Neill, Mother Jones, Charles Gildea, 22 [?] 22

Conn MacHugh, Frank Smith, James Thompson and all the men who played a prominent role in founding and keeping alive the I.W.W. Many of them have passed on to the land of no strikes.

In the American Federation of Labor, the rival of the Industrial Workers of the World I met with Sam Gompers, Frank Morrison, Frank Scott, James Maurer and nearly every one of importance for I was an organizer for the International Longshoremen's Union or Association under Thomas V. O'Connor president after Joseph P. Ryan. The Longshoremen are an affiliate of the A.F. of L. though the I.L.A. is an industrial Union and is often engaged in craft union wars and troubles.

Among the Socialists, as I was frequently their organizer and sometimes a candidate, I met with all of them—that is most of the old times membership and leaders from Morris Hilquit and Victor Berger down the line both in the East and West. The Socialists had many fine and outstanding personalities like Kate Richards O'Hare, Walter Thomas Mills Robert Hunter, Mrs. Stokes and many others too numerous to mention. The Socialist Party is now but a shadow of its former self with little influence.

I must conclude by saying that I came in contact with nearly all the leading liberals, radicals and fine characters of the Metropolis and the East. Like the Socialist Party the Liberals seem to have shot their bolt. They can no longer play the neutrality role and take many sides as they used to do.

The Irish Revolutionary movement both in this country and in Ireland brought me in contact with an unusual type of men and women, I say unusual from the labor and radical standpoint. On some things they were very conservative while on others they were more radical than the labor men and the socialists. On the 23 whole I found them more given to action than to theory or philosophy. They seemed to me to have a better grasp of European affairs and world politics than any other group or class in this country. Only once have I known them to support en masse the Socialists and that was the time Morris

Hilquit ran for mayor of New York against John Purroy Mitchell and John F. Hylan. In the early days of the Irish revolutionary movement the Irish were friendly to the radicals. The most outstanding in that field were Colonel John O'Mahoney, John Devoy and O'Donovan Rossa. The most important man who was both a Socialist and an Irish fighter was James Connolly , was killed or executed following the 1916 barricade fighting in Dublin. I assisted him in his book [Labor in Irish History?]. Connolly has been paid a tribute to by Lenin, Radeek [Radek?] , Keir Hardie, Jaures, Bob Smilie and nearly all the leaders in Europe of a generation ago. I recall J. Ramsey MacDonald when he was a paid speaker and a secretary at $15 a week in the early I.L.P. days. We never thought he'd be premier or the that Phillip Snowden sould be in the Cabinet. MacDonald was never anti-War like Snowden. We were fooled by both. Of course the changes and the upsets following the war do not belong here. It would take too long to get the names down and explain them. [?]